

ESTABLISHED 1846

Our 51st Anniversary.

The Madrid Mandolin Orchestra Will Render Sweet Music.



JACOB CASTBERG, Founder.

The
Corner-stone
of
Our Success
is
Credit.

Our
Watchword
is
"Reliable."

On November 10, 1846—just 51 years ago—Jacob Castberg, the founder of the National Jewelry Company, established himself in business at 126 North Gay Street, Baltimore, Md. In January, 1872, he inaugurated the system of selling jewelry on credit. He is the pioneer of the jewelry credit business of the country, just as the late Motel Castberg, of London, England, was the pioneer of the instalment business for the entire world. He was the first to extend credit to the rich and poor alike, about 1805.

This evening we celebrate our 51st Anniversary in business. We are in the prime of our business life—just at the mile-stone of half-a-century-and-one.

Our establishments have gone forward in public favor every year. We built our business rightly—strongly—set it firmly on the safe foundation of "reliability"—with credit as the corner-stone—the key that opens the way to every honest man or woman to enjoy the refinements and comforts that come of having the

Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry they need or fancy without feeling the hard hand of "cash" barring their way.

Our watchword has at all times been "RELIABLE."

Grand Opening This Evening.

We extend a cordial invitation to our patrons and the citizens of the District of Columbia and surroundings to visit our establishment and help us celebrate.

A Chrysanthemum for Every Lady.

A Boutonniere for Every Gentleman.

Today, Thursday, Friday and Saturday of this week only we shall make the most stupendous offer ever made by any reliable establishment in America.

All Purchases Made Here During These Four Days Will Be Subject to a Special Discount of 15 Per Cent From Marked Prices.

This discount means a saving of really \$35 on every \$100—thus giving the Combine High-profit Cash-jewelers a knockout blow. We have fought them to a standstill. Their claim that you have to pay for credit has been undermined and honey-combed thoroughly, with the positive proof that even at our regular prices we sell at least 20 per cent under their lowest figures. We offer this discount that everybody will be able to get a reliable token from our celebration. Every article in the establishment is marked in plain figures. A child can purchase as cheaply and as well as a man and with the same safety.

Again we say visit us this evening. 'Twill surely repay you. Mines of Diamonds to delight you. The bowers of flowers will add nature's charm to the display.

Any honest man or woman can buy DIAMONDS, WATCHES and JEWELRY of us without publicity—on the following terms:

\$10 worth, \$1.00 down, 50c weekly.	\$50 worth, \$5.00 down, \$1.00 weekly.
\$15 worth, \$1.50 down, 75c weekly.	\$75 worth, \$7.50 down, \$1.50 weekly.
\$25 worth, \$2.50 down, 75c weekly.	\$100 worth, \$10.00 down, \$2.00 weekly.

Goods delivered on first payment.

A guarantee accompanies every article sold that if not satisfactory money will be cheerfully refunded.

You are privileged to select anything you please and it will be reserved upon the payment of a small deposit.

CASTELBERG'S NATIONAL JEWELRY CO.,

1103 Pa. Ave. Next to Star Office. Baltimore Store, 108 N. Eutaw St.

BROKER IN HIS RETREAT

Tammany's Leader and His Friends at Hot Springs.

ATTEND A COUNTRY COURT

The Distinguished Sachem Improving in Health Under the Influence of Pure Air and Hot Sulphur Baths—Messrs. Van Wyck and Sheehan Will Soon Join Him.

Hot Springs, Va., Nov. 10.—Personal liberty, the name upon which Richard Croker successfully directed Tammany's first campaign in the Greater New York, looked up here yesterday, not to plague, but to soothe, the Tammany chieftain.

Mr. Croker came 500 miles to divert his thoughts from political questions, but he unexpectedly came face to face with one of the most interesting of those questions. Neither Croker nor Roosevelt figured in the incident, but that fact did not lessen Mr. Croker's engagement of it.

It was the brightest morning since the arrival of the Tammany leader and his friends. The sun shone over the mountains and gave the valley an attractiveness it had not possessed since the New York party arrived on Sunday morning. It afforded the first opportunity for a pleasant drive over the mountain roads, and Mr. Croker left the New Homestead Hotel with his friends west after 10 o'clock.

They drove to the Warm Springs, five miles from here. That hotel, besides being the county seat of Bath county, was for years the rendezvous of the first families of Virginia and all of the cutting circles. Washington used to go there on horseback. So did Thomas Jefferson and other notables.

In a little old-fashioned hotel that has stood in Warm Springs for more than a century, is kept a register, to which Mr. Croker and his friends first gave their attention. On it they found the names of Washington, Jefferson, Madison and many other distinguished Virginians, all of whom it appeared, had combined personal liberty with personal health, in visiting the springs a century ago. Among the entries on the register which showed that personal liberty was not an unknown issue in those days were such terms as "mint juleps" and "grog," which appear opposite the names of many distinguished visitors.

The Bath county court began its quarterly session in Warm Springs yesterday. Mr. Croker, with Senator Brady, Col. Gardner, Mr. Guggenheimer and Mr. O'Brien, went over from the hotel to see how the wheels of justice work in a backwoods county of Old Virginia. They had barely obtained seats in the courtroom before an excruciating case came up.

The judge, a man with a long gray beard and "stare laws" sat with his feet nearly on a level with his head. He chewed tobacco automatically, and relied on the prosecuting attorney for his essential views on law.

A score of mountaineers were on hand to hear the case. One of their number wanted to take out a license to retail liquor. The prosecuting attorney was opposed to granting it. It was necessary for the applicant to prove that his reputation was good and that a saloon in his locality would not

be detrimental to the community at large. "Do you consider this house a suitable, proper and convenient place for the location of a saloon?" a witness was asked.

Mr. Croker smiled his assent to catch the answer. Col. Gardner pressed forward to hear it. Senator Grady and the other members of the party were all attention.

"Well," the witness droned, "the house may be suitable and it may be proper, but I can't say I think it is exactly convenient. The applicant's place is plumb two miles from my house."

All of the New Yorkers were wondering how the famous law would work in a condition of that sort, and meantime another witness was called. He looked like a famous law inspector from Toga county, moving about the Tennessean.

"Are you a drunkard?" the witness was asked.

"No, sir," was his prompt reply.

"Do you drink regularly?"

"Not at all," said the witness.

"How's that? Please explain."

Again Mr. Croker and his friends became all attention. Senator Grady left his seat to hear a paradox, the logic of which Senator Raines would be unable to resist, when Senator Grady arose to confront him with it in Albany this winter.

"I can't get drunk," said the witness. "My credit isn't good enough."

The applicant lost his case. Personal liberty was not a successful issue here as it had been in Greater New York one week ago. The court refused to grant the license.

Mr. Croker and his friends drove back to Hot Springs and spent the afternoon quietly. The Tammany leader waited for a section train, the veranda of the hotel, and took a sulphur bath late in the afternoon.

He continues to improve in health daily, and counts among his latest accomplishments the ascent of the mountain at the rear of the hotel. This ridge is one thousand feet above the level of the New Homestead Hotel, and Mr. Croker was followed to the summit by Col. Gardner, Messrs. Grady, Guggenheimer and O'Brien stopped some distance below the ridge.

Mayor-elect Van Wyck is not here yet. The latest report is that he will be here soon, accompanied by John C. Sheehan.

VANDERBILT A FIRE FIGHTER.

Cornelius, Jr., Extinguishes a Blaze, But Is Slightly Scorched.

Newport, R. I., Nov. 10.—Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., was painfully burned on the right hand early yesterday evening while extinguishing a fire at his home. He and Mrs. Vanderbilt are occupying the villa on Bellevue avenue, owned by Mr. John H. Davis. Servants discovered the draperies on the dining-room doorway to be in flames. Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt were at home, and were summoned speedily.

ACCUSED BY SISTERS-IN-LAW

William Caldwell Charged With Misappropriating Funds.

Troubles Growing Out of the Change of an Old Sunday Paper Into a Daily Political Organ.

New York, Nov. 10.—At the instance of his sisters-in-law, who claim that, as trustee of their father's will, he has misappropriated nearly \$200,000, former State Senator William Caldwell was arrested yesterday. Deputy Sheriff Walgreen made the arrest at Mr. Caldwell's going into his office in the Bennett building. The order was issued by Justice Lawrence, of the supreme court.

Mr. Caldwell was released on \$10,000 bail. He refused to talk about the case and hurried away to his home in Orange, N. J., to relieve the mind of his bride.

The initiators of the suit also refused to talk and the persons on both sides were as dumb as the proverbial oyster.

The story of the troubles between Mr. Caldwell and Thomas Rogers, as trustees, and Mrs. Mary J. Westfield and Miss Flora Rogers as beneficiaries under the will of Jason Rogers, the great locomotive builder, has been aired in the newspapers many times in the last year. It seems to begin with Mr. Caldwell's attempt, four years ago to make a daily out of his all-ways successful Sunday Mercury. This paper had been a recognized institution of the city for fifty years, but with its change to a daily it lost prestige, and in the spring of 1894 it became a political organ and died a political death.

In March, 1895, Mr. Caldwell sold his last interest in the historic paper to William Noble, a brother of Dan Noble, the famous Northampton bank robber, taking the Hotel Empire, Sixty-third street and the Boulevard in payment.

Mr. Caldwell has a daughter, Janet C. Caldwell, and a son, Leslie C. Caldwell, an artist, who do not consider the matter serious enough to bring them back from Paris.

It was in 1868, in Morrisania, that Jason Rogers of Paterson, N. J., died and left an estate, said to be worth \$2,000,000, in the hands of trustees, one of whom was Columbus C. Rogers, his brother. The beneficiaries were his children, Mrs. Mary J. Westfield, Miss Flora Rogers and Thomas Rogers. Columbus C. Rogers resigned in June, 1885, and Mr. Caldwell, the proprietor of the Mercury and a pillar of financial rectitude, was appointed in his place.

The four charges made by the daughters of Jason Rogers placed the first misdeed of the money of the estate coincident with the ambitions that wrecked the famous paper. It was in 1893 that the Sunday Mercury became the Daily Mercury, and it was in 1893, according to the report of Expert Accountant Charles Dutton, that \$17,500 was withdrawn from the estate by Mr. Caldwell as a "loan."

"Thereafter," continues the affidavit, "Caldwell withdrew from the estate large sums of money. Such withdrawals were made from the funds of the trust estate in the Central Trust Company, to the credit of the trustees. The whole amount embezzled from the trust by the trustees, or one of them, amounts, as shown by the investigation, to \$198,230.42."

In March, 1896, Mr. Caldwell turned over the paper to persons who are said to have dropped \$400,000 in seventeen months. He became, in the bargain, owner of the

Hotel Empire. In turn, he assigned the hotel property to the clearing brokers, whose attorney, Hamilton Wallis, started the investigation of the trust. But even the big hotel, thrown into the gap, sank out of sight, and now the worst has taken place.

With his old paper gone, Mr. Caldwell took unto himself a new wife, marrying Mrs. Eleanor Lewis from the Hotel Empire, in February of this year.

DIED WITH HIS BOOTS ON.

A Notorious Outlaw Killed While Resisting Arrest.

Wichita, Kan., Nov. 10.—Charles Clifton, alias Dynamite Dick, notorious outlaw, was killed Monday at the house of Ed Williams fifteen miles west of Checotah, I. T., by a posse of deputy marshals.

The marshals had been on his trail for three weeks and had chased him all over the Cherokee Nation, but his knowledge of the country enabled him to elude them. Yesterday they learned that he was at the home of Williams. The house was surrounded by deputies.

Clifton refused to surrender, and said he preferred to die with his boots on. He opened fire on the attacking party, but as Williams and his family were in the house, the deputies dared not fire until the outlaw exposed himself.

Several of the deputies were wounded by bullets from the outlaw's gun. Finally Clifton stepped to the door so that he could do better execution, when he received a volley of bullets and fell forward, mortally wounded. The officers loaded the body into a wagon, and took it to Checotah, where it was positively identified.

Dynamite Dick has been the terror of the Indian country for several years, being the head of one of the boldest outlaw gangs that operated in that wild country.

He got the name of "Dynamite" Dick, it is said, because he used to use holes in his cartridges and fill them with dynamite, which would explode with deadly effect after striking a solid substance. He was implicated in numerous bank and express robberies, and had killed several people.

FIGHT WITH A BALD EAGLE.

Though Wounded, the Liberty Bird Made Battle.

Lincoln, Neb., Nov. 10.—At McFarley's Lake near here, John Constock, a farmer, shot a noble specimen of the bald eagle. He broke the eagle's wing, but when he attempted to pick up the feathered king it sank its talons into his flesh through the coat sleeve.

Constock struggled to free himself from the bird, which caught and scratched his skin in many places with its beak and claws. He finally succeeded in drawing his pocket knife and started it until, weak from loss of blood, it released its hold and fell.

Constock was compelled to come to Lincoln and secure the services of a surgeon to dress his wounds, the muscles of one arm being badly torn.

The birds claws are at least three inches long and black and sharp, indicating that the eagle was old. The wings from tip to tip measure eight feet six inches.

How to Cure Bilious Colic.

"I suffered for weeks with colic and pains in my stomach caused by biliousness and had to take medicine all the while until I used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, which cured me. I have since recommended it to a good many people." Mrs. F. Hyder, Fairhaven, Conn. Persons who are subject to bilious colic can ward off the attack by taking this remedy as soon as the first symptoms appear. Sold by Henry Evans, wholesale and retail druggist, 938 F & S Conn. ave. and at N. W. and 1428 Md. ave. No.

FATALLY SHOT BY HIS WIFE

A News Superintendent Mortally Wounded in His Home.

Domestic Infidelity in the Family of Michael McCusker Leads to a Tragedy—Woman Arrested.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10.—Under circumstances as yet not fully explained Michael T. McCusker, superintendent of the United News Company's Camden agency, was fatally shot by his wife, Florence, in their home, at No. 206 Benson street, last night. McCusker was taken to Cooper hospital with a gaping wound in his abdomen and died this morning. Mrs. McCusker was arrested, and while she admits the shooting, she does not explain it.

The McCuskers have not gotten on well together, and a couple of years ago they separated after some very stormy scenes. Later on they patched up their differences and decided to live together again. They have quarreled a good deal lately, however.

Caroline Smith, eighteen years old, boards with them, but he was in bed at the time of the shooting. He is a brother-in-law of Mrs. McCusker.

When McCusker went home to his supper he found the front door locked and he burst it open. There was a short, sharp quarrel, but peace was apparently restored, and at 10 o'clock McCusker got a kettleful of beer from Russell's saloon on the corner.

At 10:30 o'clock Mrs. McCusker suddenly rushed across to George Hughes' house, on the corner, and called for a doctor.

Policeman Stern, who was first on the scene of the Shaw-Zane tragedy, was summoned. As he entered the house, he found McCusker lying in a pool of blood in the hallway. Pointing to his wife, who stood over him, he said:

"If I die, you'll hang for this."

On the way to the City Hall Mrs. McCusker admitted to Patrol Officer Golden that she had shot her husband, and when asked what she had done with the revolver, she said she had hidden it under an ash box in the kitchen. There the officers found the weapon with one chamber empty.

At the hospital McCusker's ante-mortem statement was taken by William A. Husted. In it he stated that his wife pulled a revolver and threatened to kill him. He tried to wrest it from her, when she pulled the trigger and the ball struck him.

MORA EXILED FROM COSTA RICA

President Iglesias' Heroic Means to Prevent Defeat.

New York, Nov. 10.—President Iglesias, of Costa Rica, has taken another important step, calculated to secure his re-election. He has exiled his predecessor, former President Mora, according to a statement made by Dr. J. H. Fess, medical examiner for the Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States at Boas del Toro, United States of Colombia. Dr. Fess arrived here yesterday morning on the Atlanta, from Port Limon.

"When I was in Port Limon," said Dr. Fess, "I heard that Mora had been exiled. He went to some South American country, so far as I could learn. Iglesias thought the position party was to name him as its candidate for president. Further than these news announcements I could gather no details."

TRIED TO MURDER A FAMILY

Charles Gelbarth Shoots His Wife's Father and Brother.

He Then Committed Suicide, But His Victims May Recover—His Attempt Very Deliberate.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10.—Prompted by over-indulgence in liquor to avenge a series of fancied wrongs, Charles Gelbarth, of No. 2021 Lawrence street, attempted to exterminate his wife's family yesterday afternoon in fulfillment of an oft-repeated threat. After shooting his father-in-law, Frederick Fritz, and his brother-in-law, Frederick Fritz, Jr., at their bottling establishment, No. 2017 Lehigh street, Gelbarth fired a bullet through his own head. He died at the Episcopal Hospital a few hours later, but his intended victims will probably recover.

From the evidence at hand there can be no doubt that the tragedy was deliberately planned, and that the suicide indicated to number among his victims another brother-in-law, Joseph Fritz, who happened to be out of harm's way at the time, and his wife's mother, who fled from the scene of danger when Gelbarth approached her with a smoking revolver in his hand.

The story of the events which led up to the shooting is both peculiar and interesting. Frederick Fritz, Sr., is quite well-to-do, and is reputed to be the owner of a score of houses in the neighborhood in which he lives, including No. 2021 Lawrence street, in which his son-in-law and younger daughter and their eighteen-month-old child resided. Gelbarth, at the time of his marriage to Mamie Fritz, three years ago, was also in good circumstances, having been the beneficiary of his father's will, to the exclusion of his brother. He was a cigar manufacturer, and his factory at the northeast corner of Eighth and Oxford streets, made money rapidly.

About six months ago he failed and applied to his father-in-law for financial aid. At the short sale of the stock and fixtures of Gelbarth's place, Joseph Fritz, his brother-in-law, brought in \$1,200 worth of goods. The purchase was for Gelbarth's benefit, but he could not see it in that light. He thought he was being plucked by those who ought to help him out of his difficulties. Six weeks ago he met Joseph Fritz at Lehigh street, and the social functions will be equally as extensive. The reception tonight, which will be a full-dress affair, will be given by the Baltimore Chapter. Invitations to this reception have been mailed to every member of the Baltimore Chapter, which includes the privilege of bringing their husbands with them.

Mrs. D. G. Wright, president of the Baltimore Chapter, will not participate in any of the social functions, on account of a recent death in her family. Mrs. Charles Marshall, one of the vice presidents, will take her place. Tomorrow afternoon the delegates will be entertained with a tea at the Confederate Soldiers' Home at Pikeville by the board of governors and board of visitors at that institution.

The Popular Line to Baltimore is the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Special excursion next Sunday. \$1.00 round trip. sold at

Some time ago he opened a cigar store on Germantown avenue, below Fifth street, and stopped drinking for a while, but a recent relapse fell into his old habits and caused the quarrels with his wife, and yesterday's tragedy was the result.